The

THOREAU SOCIETY

BULLETIN

The Thoreau Society, Inc. is an informal gathering of students and followers of Henry David Thoreau. Leonard Kleinfeld, Forest Hills, N.Y., President; Robert Needham, Concord, Mass., Vice-President; and Walter Harding, State University, Geneseo N.Y. 14454, Secretary-Treasurer. Annual membership, $2.00; life membership, $50.00. Address communications to the secretary.

BULLETIN ONE HUNDRED SIXTEEN SUMMER, 1971

TWENTIETH CENTURY POETRY ABOUT THOREAU
by Robert F. Stowell

The poetry written about Thoreau in the 20th Century reflects, as we would expect, changes in attitude towards both the style and subject matter of poetry. Many of the poems, especially after about 1930, are written in either blank verse or free verse. The language used is most often that of everyday speech and words like "opined", "pelf", "orb" found in the 19th Century poems are rare in the later poems.

Many of the poems written by those who only know Thoreau through his writings are comments on the lessons the present age can learn from his life at Walden. The "lesson" is often suggested through the poet reflecting on the changes in America since Thoreau lived at Walden Pond, and there are frequent lamentations on the illusory nature of "progress".

One perhaps surprising quality is the frequency with which the poet regards Thoreau as a very personal friend and comrade. Writers indicate that they believe they "know" Thoreau with an affectionate intimacy; Philip Booth addresses Thoreau as he would an old and dear friend in "Letter to Thoreau from a Distant Land". In some of the poems this "intimacy appears misguided or based on false information, and it is sometimes part of the tendency to make a "cult" of Thoreau in sentimentalizing his life.

Just after the turn of the century Elbert Hubbard wrote about Thoreau in his Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Philosophers (1904). In the sonnet Hubbard begins:

Seeing how all the world's ways came to nought,
And how Death's one decree merged all degrees,
He chose to pass his time with birds and trees,
Reduced his life to sane necessities:-
Plain meat and drink and sleep and noble thought.

Hubbard ends his over-simplification with "and he who shunned vain cares and vainer strife/Found an eternity in one short life".

In another poem early in the 20th Century James Buckham looks at the question of whether Thoreau was a misanthrope. "Thoreau" was published in Munsey's Magazine in July, 1902.

Some say he loved not man -- loved nature more --
Because his words were harsh to human kind,
And in God's woods and fields he seemed to find
Of health and help sufficing store.
Ah, wiser, truer love to man he bore
Than our too fond indulgence! We are blind.

Three books of verse have been written about Thoreau. Florence Becker's Farewell to Walden was published in 1939. According to a bibliographical note by Walter Harding, the "forty-eight sonnets weave a love story of two middle-aged intellectuals who find themselves in a labor movement. In terms of Thoreau, by whom both the protagonists have been influenced, it could be expressed as the struggle between his 'Walden' phase and his 'John Brown' phase".

In 1941 Harry Lee published More Day to Dawn: the Story of Thoreau of Concord. The poet is most successful when he does not attempt to adhere too closely to Thoreau's own writing. "Paradox" clearly shows his debt to Thoreau, yet the arrangement of the lines is refreshing.

The rich man
Carries his house
On his back - -
So burdened with things
That his life is
Scarce
Livable.

The bluebird
Carries the sky
On his back - -
But that,
Strange to say,
Seems to be
Quite
Forgivable.

In another poem "The Sixth of May, 1862" the reader of biographies about Thoreau recalls the last two lines automatically.

May and morning . . . .
Winds that sigh
In cool trees yearning
Towards the sky.

A couch that pillows
A weary head.
"Have you made your peace
With God?" one said.

Silence . . . .
And then the calm reply:
"We have never quarreled —
God and I."

The third book of poems is Langley Carlton Keyes Thoreau: Voice from the Edgeland (1955), subtitled "A Biography in Sonnets". Direct quotation from Thoreau's writing provides the octave of the sonnet, the poet supplying the sestet.

Adin Ballou has also written a large number of sonnets "after reading Thoreau". Many of these were printed in the Christian Science Monitor and The New York Herald Tribune in the 1940's. In"The Completed Music" Ballou uses the first eight lines to suggest the sounds at Walden -- the murmur of pines, the chatter of squirrels and the whistling train.

The sonnet ends with

All sounds are sweet unto the healthy ear,
You told us--hearing each New England note
Counting its echo as your life and wage.
So well you listened, that the seasoned year
Is your completed music, and men quote
The strains transcribed, forever, on your page.

Many poets have written what might be called "personal statements" of what Thoreau has meant to them. Helen Bevington's "Do What You Love" is relevant to the present view that Thoreau has a particular appeal for many of the "drop out" generation. In the poem Thoreau's advice to "pursue your life" led him to borrow an axe and live alone, "loving aloneness". Aware of other people's preferences, "Do what you love", he said, and cut white pine/and shaped his world, one within his means,/Then in a smaller clearing planted beans." Thoreau had learned how "to sit still" and provide a margin for his days.

Philip Booth expresses his very personal relationship to Thoreau in "Letter From A Distant Land". The poet lived in Lincoln, a town that adjoins Concord, "halfway between an airfield and your pond". Through an examination of his own situation, Booth acknowledges Thoreau's claim upon his life. He recalls Thoreau's injunction about being owned by your property when he thinks ruefully of the mortgage on his home. The poet makes fun of his efforts as a gardener as "pastoral beside a fire, do I come closly to know/this house awake" and "chain saws rape a virgin stand to stumps" while "machines as murderous as wild bulls gore the land". Walden is now a state reservation where beer cans drift in the cove where Thoreau once knelt to drink. Booth tells us that the good, the brave are no more a majority than when Thoreau walked the shore. He asks for "the liberty to listen to the elms,/to walk the cold wood, to sleep on bedrock/thought" and to "say my strange love in a distant land".

Another poet who considers the changes at Walden is Adrienne Rich. In her poem "Walden -- 1950" the cars hurl by from dawn to dawn on the main highway that borders the pond. She thinks that Thoreau's ghost might smile "the way a man in solitude might smile--/Remembering all the sounds that passed for sound/A century ago". So much that is fearsome has happened since that day that "no curse" would frighten if Thoreau came into town. "If he had an errand, it would be/more likely curiosity of his own/About the human race, at least in Concord/. He would not come so far from distant woods,/ Merely to set them wondering again."

In Joseph Langland's poem "How It, So Help Me, Was" the poet recalls a visit to the pond one hundred years after Thoreau's death. At the pond he meets a tall young Negro with his white girlfriend, and a "brown man from India" in a college sweatshirt dipping his hands in the lake in a kind of benediction reminding us of Thoreau's anti-slavery essay that Gandhi admired. Then, "at a further turn, I met myself" and the poet is able to watch himself walk into the sun and dive "in calm delight" into the pond. He hears the "long dark tale of history" as he rises through the water and "rode the luminous him of blue-grey twilight home".

In "Vapor Trails" by Marjorie Smith the poet shows Thoreau as one who "knew his own reflections" but today "we are hemmed-in by a crowd/ and he was here alone". The vapor trails of modern man's airplanes are polluting the sky over the land Thoreau loved. A great many of the poems about Thoreau in recent years convey the uneasy feeling that America has made a wrong turning somewhere along the path of the last one hundred years.

August Derleth has written widely about Thoreau. Among his poems is "A Different Drummer" in which Thoreau is seen as "advancing without pause/ in the direction of his dreams" and "rifting his way into the core" of things as he listens to the music heard deep within. Paul Engle ends his poem "Henry David Thoreau" with "A plain man dwelling proudly by a pond/ Watching the sun down, moon down, earth down too." Robert Francis's poem "Thoreau In Italy" brought inquiries as to when Thoreau visited Italy. In the poem the author suggests that Thoreau would have been a little uneasy in modern Italy, "something was always brushing him on the street, satyr/ or saint". In reflecting on those aspects of Italy which would have troubled Thoreau, the poem throws into relief another side of the man who travelled much in Concord. In "Life In the Woods" John Hall, an English poet, quotes the famous lines about losing a hound, bay horse and turtle-dove, and then states that Thoreau "sought the rare spirit these creatures were the emblems of,/ a classic quest". The poem continues "Yet always the final truth escaped him there./ Waking at dawn he'd hear a baffled voice/vanishing down his dreams, a whispered Where,/ Where, mocking his day".

Surprisingly little humour appears in the poetry about Thoreau. In "Nineteen Million Elephants" Helen Bevington wrote

Mr. Thoreau: so odd and frank
Found Leaves of Grass a little rank
But wondered, when it came to this,
Whose thoughts be blushed at, Walt's, or his?

Irwin Edman wrote "To Henry Thoreau" after reading a tribute to Thoreau in Fortune. "Thoreau, you've come into your own/Along with all the stream-lined sages,/Your sentences acquire tone/On Fortune's heavy coated pages."

In general, the better 20th century poems about Thoreau continue to see him as a complex human being --strong, independent, direct, often crotchety, sometimes obtuse, capable of deep friendship and somehow a little lonely. Thoreau is no longer seen simply as a lover of nature and a garnerer of wisdom but more often as a prophet whose thinking reaches out towards the serious problems of modern life.

Martin Beardslee points out that Thoreau wrote in his Journal for September 18, 1858 "... I thought that a man ought not any more to take up room in the world after he is dead. We shall lose one advantage of man's dying if we are to have a statue of him forthwith". In "Epitaph for Thoreau" Beardslee wrote:

Mourn not this dust
Honor the rust and carrion
Of a well-deserved oblivion.

This is the tale all poets tell:
Who mourns for me bemoans his lot
Who honors me deserves me not.
The instant wise have wisdom got.

Farewell!

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"Henry Thoreau is to our taste today the vintner of the richest and purest strain of the vineyards of Transcendental Concord." Sci. Amer., April, 1971.

REPORT OF THE CONCORD WALKING SOCIETY: FAIR HAVEN
by Mary Fenn

There is something very appealing about sitting on a high place and looking over the landscape spread out below. The Walking Society often goes to Fair Haven Cliff -- just as Thoreau did in his day. We see the Shrub Oak Plain, now a mature woods, with Wachusett, Monadnock, and the Peterboro hills on the horizon. The river flows serenely by, its banks bordered by button bushes and willows. Far to the left it spreads out into Fair Haven Bay, which from the height looks very much like a lake. But the lovely scene from afar isn't enough, so we go back down the hill and along the beautiful woodroad to Sam Staples' Camp, which, winterized and improved, is now the home of Mrs. Caleb Wheeler. It is a picturesque red house set on a knoll with the pine woods rising behind it and the water of the bay lapping at the shore in front.

We push out from shore in the canoe and bearing left, we paddle along under the tupelo trees to Well Meadow, then the smoothly shorn Pleasant Meadow with the brook running along one side. The Baker Farm is just beyond, but the colonial farmhouse lovingly restored is now out of sight behind the trees. Here the river narrows and on the left we come to purple Utricularia Bay. The bay curves with high wooded banks, but is full of bushes standing in the water so that the delicate little utricularia, or bladderworts, would have a difficult time growing in that jungle today. Just beyond, a wood road comes down to a sandy beach known as Haynes Landing, and here it is thought an ancient ford once crossed the river. At Lee's Bridge we turn back and come downstream along the opposite shore, past the old Lee Farm surrounded by its sloping grassy fields. At the upper end of the meadows is Mine Hill and the long rocky range of Lees Cliff. It was in an overhang in this cliff that Thoreau once took refuge from a rain storm and wiled away the time singing "Tom Bowling."

From this shore the island runs out with an isthmus of bushes standing in the water. It is a large island, well wooded and carpeted with pine needles, and we pull the canoe up to walk about looking off from different vantage points. Back in the canoe we continue downstream. Now the river narrows and we paddle along to Bittern Cliff--a smooth rocky ledge rising abruptly from the water. Here grow the tiny ebony spleenwort ferns, the rare four leaf milkweed, and early crowfeet. At the base of the cliff on the left, a spring flows out from under the roots of a large tree.

From here the river flows in a straight channel down past Hubbards Bridge to the Hollowell Place which Thoreau once thought he'd buy. Although the farmhouse was moved away and now the farm is a beautiful estate, it still retains its picturesque beauty, as a good many members who visited it on the afternoon of the annual meeting will agree.

"One generation abandons the enterprises of another like stranded vessels."--WALDEN

THE MEANING OF THE METAPHOR IN THOREAU'S WALDEN.
by Joanne Johnston

Throughout Walden Thoreau added layer upon layer of metaphor to exphasize his ideas. The unifying theme of Walden, a commentary upon experience,[1] is Thoreau's philosophy of how to live--that each man must find his own way of life, simplifying in what is not necessary for his content and finding through intuition the meaning of existence for him. If one's needs are spiritual and intellectual, Thoreau implied, he must not starve them in order to feed less durable pleasures.[2] At Walden Pond Thoreau tried "to live the life of the mind by realizing the capacities of his imagination.[3] Thoreau's mind was intuitive, "passionate in its attempt to capture a great truth in a few words."[4]

Metaphor was the natural vehicle for Thoreau's ideas, and in the chapters of Walden examined in this thesis he employed integral metaphors to evoke a cumulative effect. Throughout the book Thoreau employed a variety of sharp, pointed metaphors--usually variations of one basic concept. The metaphors in each chapter combine to point up the main idea of that section. In "Economy," for example, metaphors of commerce undercut commerce, emphasizing rather the spiritual life. In "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For" metaphors of real estate and of purposeful work underline the idea that man, having secured the physical necessities of life, should devote his highest efforts to the pursuit of intellectual achievement. In "Sounds" metaphors--mostly those of nature and of commerce and economy--emphasize the truth that each man perceives internal reality by observing external phenomena--that things and events speak an eternal language audible only to the ear of the intuitive man. Metaphors of planting, hoeing, and harvesting in "The Bean-Field" express the idea that man should devote his hours to raising spiritual crops. In "Higher Laws" metaphors of hunting and fishing, of eating and drinking, of sloughing off skin, and of migration present the idea of moving from a gross, earthbound philosophy of life to an appreciation of mystical truths. Metaphors of artificial and natural heat dominate "House-Warming" and contrast the stultifying modern way of life to an invigorating communion with nature. In "Spring" metaphors of resurrection represent "the influx of better thoughts"[5] into the life of the man who allies himself with nature. Metaphors of sailing, of growth, of exploration, and of manifold other worldly activities in "Conclusion" underline man's ability to transcend the earthly through intuitive thought.

In each of these chapters, large associative clusters of integral metaphors are used to evoke a cumulative effect. Combined, these clusters of metaphors form a rising crescendo, culminating in an overpowering feeling that one who would pursue a Walden life must rely on intuition, communing with nature and thus transcending reality to discover ultimate truths for his life. In the chapters examined the clusters of allied metaphors produce a unified effect; as in all great literature, the metaphor "becomes almost a mode of apprehension.[6] The metaphors exercise "a kind of compulsion upon the mind of the reader, so that, given an ordinary sensibility, he must share the [ideas] that the writer intended him to share.[7] And the piling of metaphor upon metaphor in the chapters of Walden examined reinforces the psychological impact, evoking a cumulative effect on the reader of Thoreau's greatest book. Like Thoreau, the reader is tempted to go in search of his personal Walden Pond, a search which, Thoreau implied, can be conducted only through the exercise of intuition, the key to the universe of the mind and to a fruitful Walden life.

1 Canby, p. 133.
2 Canby, pp. 286-287

3 Cook, Reginald L. PASSAGE TO WALDEN (Boston, 1949), p. 109.
4 Canby, p. 52
5 Walden. p. 262.
6 Murry, J. Middleton, THE PROBLEM OF STYLE (London, 1922), p. 11.
7 Murry, PROBLEM OF STYLE, p. 86.

"The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it."--WALDEN

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According to the BOSTON GLOBE for Nov. 19, 1939, one Miles Bradford once described Thoreau as "an asthmatic Yankee runt with a constitutional aversion to work." Who is Miles Bradford?

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"O how I laugh when I think of my vague, indefinite riches." H.D.T.

HORACE GREELEY ON THOREAU: A FORGOTTEN PORTRAIT.
by Walter Harding

The friendship of Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York Tribune, and Henry David Thoreau, the sage of Walden, has been widely discussed in many places. That a cosmopolitan like Greeley, whose whole adult life centered around the hurly-burly of New York City journalism and whose chief interest outside the city seemed to be national politics, should have been attracted to the shy and rather elusive resident of Walden Woods has to many seemed paradoxical. Yet it is a matter of record that from their first meeting in 1842 until Thoreau's early death in 1862, Greeley not only took an exceptional interest in Thoreau and his literary career, but year after year devoted many hours of his busy life to fostering Thoreau's literary career. He regularly volunteered his services to act as Thoreau's literary agent, circulating Thoreau's manuscripts among his friends in the publishing world, collecting payments from editors when Thoreau seemed unable to himself, and not only on occasion running some of Thoreau's essays in the pages of the Tribune, even though they were often somewhat alien to the general content of that paper, but also touting Thoreau's literary works in the editorial columns of the Tribune.

Most of Greeley's efforts on behalf of Thoreau are well known but oddly enough one of the best seems to have escaped the notice of biographers of both Greeley and Thoreau. On March 23, 1854, Greeley wrote Thoreau asking for details about the publication of Walden which, incidentally, was issued a few months later. In his letter he made a passing reference which no one seems to have hitherto checked out, namely:

> I referred (without naming you) to your 'Walden' experience in my lecture on "Self-Culture," with which I have bored ever so many audiences. This episode excited much interest and I have repeatedly been asked who it is that I refer to.[1]

Since that lecture on "Self-Culture" has not been collected into any of Greeley's numerous books, scholars in general have apparently jumped to the conclusion, as I did, that it never was published. Quite by accident I discovered that some extracts from that lecture were indeed published and they include the passage in question about Thoreau. Although as Greeley told him, Thoreau is not directly named, there is no question but that it is Thoreau he is describing and since so few accounts of Thoreau appeared in print in his lifetime, it makes, I think, a rather significant addition to the bibliography of Thoreauviana.

The extracts from Greeley's lecture appeared in The Rose of Sharon: A Religious Souvenir, for MDCCCLVII, one of those sentimental gift books or annuals so popular in the mid-nineteenth century. This particular one was edited by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer and published by Abel Tompkins, and Sanborn, Carter & Bazin in Boston in the year 1856. As with most such volumes it is filled with fourth-rate maudlin essays and sixth-rate overly romantic poetry, a good deal of it by Mrs. Sawyer herself. The volume has an imitation morocco binding embossed with gilt decorations in the worst possible rococo taste of the times. The names of most of the contributors to the volume are meaningless to the twentieth century reader. How Mrs. Sawyer managed to persuade Greeley to contribute his essay is not known. The essay, incidentally, he entitles "The Bases of Character" but in a footnote he explains that it is "Extracted from an unprinted lecture on 'Self Culture.'" Since the extracts total only about 1500 words, it seems worthwhile to reprint it here in its entirety.

The portion pertaining to Thoreau is in Section III where he speaks of "The example of the young friend I have elsewhere spoken." (The "elsewhere" refers presumably to Greeley's numerous comments about Thoreau in the pages of the Tribune.) Greeley makes a few minor factual errors. Thoreau was nearly twenty-eight rather than "twenty" when he went to the pond to live. And he lived on fifteen rather than fifty dollars a year while at the pond. But Greeley's account is a sympathetic one and undoubtedly served not only to arouse interest in Thoreau's work but must have been a source of encouragement to Thoreau who generally found little interest in his work and writings among his contemporaries.

[1]Walter Harding and Carl Bode, editors. The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau (New York, 1958), pp. 324-325.

THE BASES OF CHARACTER.*
By Horace Greeley.

There are those who insist that Society is so radically vicious and corrupt, that we may not hope to meet men and women who satisfy our conceptions of human character as it should be, until our social relations are radically reformed, rationalized, purified. There are those, on the other hand, who insist that Society is now as perfect as it can be, while human nature remains unchanged.

I do not assent fully to either of these statements. I regard Social Reform and Individual improvement not as competitors but as coworkers and mutual helpers. Providence has wisely blended, and man cannot well divorce them. A better Social polity would ensure better men; as better men must ever give the impulse to a better society. Yet my present theme contemplates mainly the principles and the laws of individual or self-culture. And, so far a hurried statement may do justice to so vast a theme, I would lay the bases of a true and generous Mental Training in the following precepts.

I. Utility is the chief end of life, which no one may innocently disregard. I choose to commence

*Extracted from an unprinted lecture on "Self Culture."

where too many moralists and even divines are content to close, and some of them a little before they reach this point. I hear that this or that eminent citizen has bequeathed at death, or perhaps given during life, a very handsome donation to some laudable enterprise, and I approve the act. But, before glorifying the donor, I must ask, "Did he fairly and beneficently earn this money? Was his life one of active usefulness--of downright industry?" If yea, then his gift is indeed a noble one, and his act should be duly honored.

But if he were one who inherited or suddenly acquired opulence, and thereupon felt himself absolved from all obligation to farther effort--if thenceforth he lived in luxurious indolence or miserly seclusion, then is his memory unblest and his gift no gift at all. If he gave only the products of others' toil, his bounty is but restitution, and only deserving of praise in that he might have persisted in his wrong to the end, and transmitted the spoil to others equally undeserving. Heaven smiles not on the grudged offerings of Ananias and Sapphira, even to the best of undertakings. I envy not the spiritual shepherds of those who live through years in sumptuous idleness, or any idleness at all, yet fancy themselves good men and Christians. Though the ear of Christendom be gross indeed, it cannot long remain deaf to such glaring inconsistency as theirs.

II. I would gladly impress on every young mind, the truth that Character creates Opportunity, or renders it unimportant. I know no more fatal error than prevails almost universally on this point. Aside from that pitiable spectacle exhibited by the multitudes of young men who are daily rushing to our cities--to "get into business," as they say, but really to stake themselves on the chance of finding there some easier means of livelihood,--some more genteel vocation, some shorter road to wealth, than their country homes afford--I perceive among our youth an almost universal expectation, or waiting for, of something different from their present circumstances--some condition more favorable to their advancement or their avarice--something which can only come by working,--never by waiting. It is the canker and blight of our time, this universal jostling for the more advantageous positions--this hanging back in the march of life to steal a ride on the baggage-wagons or in the carriages for the wounded. To do little and receive much, is the ignoble aspiration of the great majority --as cowardly and base as the footman's burning desire to strut his brief hour in his master's habiliments, and give orders instead of obeying them. From every side myriads of youth are turning anxious eyes to the great cities, eager for the expected hour, when they, too, shall have there a foothold. Meantime, the rural valley has no beauty, the lofty mountain no grandeur for them; they loathe the thought of homely labor, and only resort to it as the slave or the convict may do. Of course, Nature rewards no such labor with peace and inward joy; they are miserable because they deserve nothing better; useless, because they do not really aspire to usefulness, but only to its rewards. Whether they shall ultimately be punished through the disappointment or the gratification of their wishes, the essential result is the same. Dwarfed in soul by their sordid aims, they live unworthily, and their death makes no void; and if they happen to achieve wealth, and so be buried beneath costly marble, the only enduring product of their lives is the falsehood chisled on their tombs.

I would say, then, to every youth, "Your place in the world is wherever your Creator has stationed you, provided you can there be useful, until one of wider or higher usefulness shall plainly solicit you. Whenever such shall present itself, accept it thankfully; but do not waste your most precious years in hunting after it. The best preparation for tomorrow's duties is the faithful performance of today's; nay, that is the best possible way of seeking nobler opportunities for the morrow. Though it be ditching or herding cattle, he who has done today's work cheerfully and well, because it is today's, and because he scorns to eat the bread of idleness, is on the plain highway to some broader field of usefulness, if such be within the proper scope of his powers!"

III. I think, after this, I need hardly counsel the avoidance of Debt as essential to moral integrity and mental freedom. "The borrower is slave to the lender," not merely in the obvious sense; he has no longer liberty to choose his path in life and manfully pursue it. Debt is one of the most debasing features of our perverted social state--the evidence of a second fall from the landing-place of Adam. And I would say imperatively to the portionless youth who passionately desires an education as the stepping-stone to a profession, "You pay too dearly for the coveted advantages if you consent to go in debt for them. Better be content where you are than incur pecuniary obligations which years will be required to discharge--which many as sanguine as you have carried as a millstone around the neck through life. Do not sell your-self even for learning. Plough, team, chop, or do anything to pay your way, and be twice as long acquiring your education, rather than borrow it. Or, better still, adopt and improve upon the example of the young friend of whose course I have elsewhere spoken. This friend found himself at twenty athirst for knowledge, yet without the usual means of assuaging that thirst. He lacked utterly coin and other current values, and, if he had relatives or friends who might have supplied the deficiency by gift or loan, he disdained to barter his independence for their bounty. All he would accept from any man's favor was permission to live on a spot of ground otherwise unused, and convert to his own ends some little of the timber growing thereon--elements, which, in his private thought, were rightfully as much his as those of him whom the law pronounced their exclusive owner, and whom he therefore deferred to as such. Here, by the side of a petty lake, deep in the enshrouding forest, far away from the homes and the haunts of men, he with his own hands built his small but adequate cabin--sufficient to contain his few but choice books, his simple food, his clothing and himself. By its side he planted the patch of corn and other esculents which formed his principal food; for no deadly weapon defiled his peaceful sanctuary, and the gentler denizens of the flood and the forest pursued their sports unharmed and fearless within the shadow of his lodge. There he passed the golden summer and the sterner winter, in thoughtful alternation from book to pen, and thence to the scanty implements of his moderate, invigorating toil; there the few friends who sought found him pensive but not melancholy, modest but not shy; and thence he would emerge at intervals into the seething world without, to fulfil some social obligation, learn the news of the day, procure some book, or earn, by honest, downright labor in the fields of more exten-

sive cultivators, the cost of his plain clothing and the very few additions to his own products that were needed to supply his simple fare. Thus he improved some two or three years, not alone in labor and study, but in unimpeded thought and deep communing with Nature; and when at length he came forth to live and strive with his fellows, I venture to affirm that not many universities had meantime supplied even one student with euqal opportunities or an education generally comparable to his. His knowledge of Greek and acquaintance with the best remains of the profounder thinkers of antiquity are even now celebrated in no narrow circle; his acquisitions are eminently real and abiding, and he owes no one a farthing. Nay, more, he had learned, as a part of his education, how to live without a wish ungratified on fifty dollars a year--one of the most important acquirements, for which I cannot hear the Professorships have yet been founded in any college but his. I beseech the early attention of the trustees and benefactors to this grave deficiency.

And herein is justified our hesitating and qualified regard for what passes current as liberal education. Our Colleges and miscalled Universities do not educate too much, but too little. We object to our prevailing system of collegiate education, not that it is not practical in its ends, for such it certainly endeavors to be--but that it is not catholic--universal. It addresses itself to a few intellectual faculties, instead of dealing with the whole spiritual and physical being. It makes good implements for effecting a particular purpose--scholars, poets, surgeons, lawyers--not vigorous, many-sided, complete Men.

You readily mark the difference between those and men formed in the rough, sturdy school of practical life--Franklin, Boone, Washington. These latter are always at home--always self-possessed--always equal to the emergency--with a faculty for every need and a front for every foe. They are the men who make occasions and create eras in the history of mankind. * * * .

"After reading Thoreau I felt how much I have lost by leaving nature out of my life."--
F. Scott Fitzgerald, Letter to his daughter, March 11, 1939 (quoted in ANNOTATED WALDEN).

THE 1971 ANNUAL MEETING . . .

The annual meeting of the Thoreau Society was held in the First Parish Meetinghouse in Concord, Mass., on Saturday, July 10, 1971. Coffee was served in the Ladies' Parlor at 9. The meeting was called to order at 10 by President Albert Bussewitz. Greetings were presented from the Town of Concord and from the Thoreau Lyceum. Prof. Wendell Glick of the University of Minnesota at Duluth read Thoreau's unpublished essay "Reform and Reformers" which will eventually appear in the new Princeton University Press edition of Thoreau. President Bussewitz then read a paper on "Thoreau and the Conservation Ethic." This was followed by the business meeting at which the secretary's report was accepted as published in the Summer, 1970, bulletin. The following report by the treasurer was accepted:

Balance on Hand, June 3, 1970		$4,798.95
Expenditures		
Annual Meeting	$ 806.48	
Postage & handling	596.78	
Expenditures (con't)		
Printing	$ 596.78	
Sudbury Valley Trustees	1,000.00	
Miscellaneous	49.14	
Survey Project	544.58	
TOTAL	$3,407.74	-$3,407.74
Receipts		
Dues	$1,671.57	
Sale of back copies	86.87	
Life Memberships	50.00	
Royalties	224.34	
Gifts	1.00	
Refund from Munoz grant	284.37	
Annual meeting sale of luncheon tickets	409.00	
TOTAL	$2,726.81	+$2,726.81
Balance on Hand, June 2, 1971		$4,118.02

The nominating committee presented the following slate which was duly elected: President, Leonard Kleinfeld; President-elect, Frederick T. McGill, Jr.; Vice-President, Robert Needham; Secretary-Treasurer, Walter Harding--all for terms of one year; and Ruth Wheeler and Robert Wild, members of the executive committee for three years.

Mrs. Caleb Wheeler, the society archivist, reported on the current status of the archives in the Concord Free Public Library and presented a motion that $1000 be appropriated to pay for work done on Thoreau's surveys in the library and that an additional $1000 be set aside for future work on this project. The motion was adopted. Robert Needham presented a motion that $1000 be granted to the Concord Land Conservation Trust towards the completion of the purchase of the Punkatasset land tract, and this motion was adopted. Leonard Kleinfeld presented a motion that the Ira Hoover Fund be set aside from the regular treasury, in an interest-bearing account, to be used for such special purposes as decided upon by the executive committee and approved by the membership. This was adopted. Walter Harding presented a motion that Roland Robbins be instructed to investigate the possibility of improving the marking of the path to the cairn site at Walden Pond and that he be empowered to implement his findings. This motion was passed. Charles White presented the following resolutions:

"In accordance with the life & writing of Henry D. Thoreau, we, the members of the Thoreau Society, reaffirm the relevance of his spirit & ideals in our own time by adopting the following resolutions:

1) We condemn the United States' policy in S.E. Asia which continues our role in that immoral war. We add our voices to those millions of patriotic Americans who have called for the immediate withdrawal of all our soldiers from that ravaged land. YES /__/ NO /__/

2) We condemn the continued "de facto" racism which infects our society at all levels. We join with our non-white brothers and sisters in their struggle for the full rights & freedoms of citizenship. YES/__/NO/__/

3) We condemn the continued destruction of our natural environment by those whose only concern is with the profit motive & other special interests." YES /__/NO/__/

In the light of Thoreau's essay on "Reform and Reformers," he withdrew the resolutions but they were then reintroduced from the floor. Because the resolutions involve matters quite unlike any previously acted upon by the society and because only about a quarter of the membership are able to attend the annual meetings, it was decided to refer the resolutions to the membership as a whole by mail ballot.

Ballots were mailed out to all members in late July with instructions to return them by September 1, 1971. The final results were for Resolution One, 243; Against, 79; for Resolution Two, 250; Against, 79; and for Resolution Three, 286; Against, 58. It is only fair however to point out that many indicated they were not voting because they felt the resolutions to be irrelevant to the society's purpose, a few indicated that they felt the wording of the resolutions to be unfortunate, and many of the foreign members indicated that they thought it inappropriate to vote on internal American affairs. Approximately one-third of the membership voted.

A luncheon was served at 12:30 and it was followed by the usual question and answer period. In the afternoon, Mrs. Edmund Fenn conducted a tour to the site of the Hollowell Farm, the farm Thoreau once nearly purchased; Mrs. Caleb Wheeler conducted a tour of the Concord Common and vicinity; and Robert Needham conducted a tour of Sleepy Hollow Cementery. As an innovation, a forum on the relevancy of Thoreau today was conducted by Walter Harding. Brief catalyst papers were read by Major Benton on Thoreau and ecology, by Elaine Shaw on Thoreau and racial prejudice, by Charles White on the Thoreau Society and political issues, and by Nicoll Hoppner on Thoreau and the Generation Gap.

A box supper was served at the Thoreau Lyceum. In the evening, Robert Wild presented a showing of kodachromes and the meeting concluded with the presentation of the gavel by President Bussewitz to the incoming president, Leonard Kleinfeld.

"The cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life." --WALDEN

President Leonard Kleinfeld announces the appointment of his personal Advisory Committee consisting of Major Benton, Thomas Blanding, Anton Kovar, and William Pettinger.

NOTES AND QUERIES

Joe O'Brien (185 Park Row, New York, N.Y., 10038), who exhibited many of his "paint poems" based on quotations from Thoreau at the 1970 annual meeting, has had five of the paint-poems reproduced as cards, selling for one dollar each.

Gail Baker has recently donated to the Thoreau Society Archives a copy of R. H. Blyth's SHORTENED VERSION OF A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS published in Tokyo by the Hokuseido Press.

We are grieved to announce the death on July 4, 1971 of August Derleth of Sauk City, Wisc. He not only wrote the best young people's biography of Thoreau ever written but also many poems and several novels based on Thoreauvian themes.

Linda Beaulieu of Rochester, New York, has recently become a life member of the Thoreau Society. Life memberships are fifty dollars.

Mrs. Esther Anderson of Concord, Mass., writes in answer to queries in the last bulletin that the roots of wildiris or sweet flag may be dug in the fall, cleaned, scraped, cut crosswise into sections, boiled gently in water for several hours--changing the water several times; crystallise the root sections in a boiling sugar syrup made by adding 2 cups of granulated sugar to 1/2 cup water. Boil to 333 F. When sections of root are clear, lift carefully and spread on buttered paper. Leave in oven until thoroughly dry. She adds, "If anyone tries this recipe, I'd like to know if they like it. We children did not."

Mrs. Mary Fenn of Concord, in answer to another query, writes that cowwheat (Melampyrum lineare) is a small plant 4 to 18" high with pale yellow or pinkish flowers which grows profusely in dry woods.

Bill Towler of Concord, Mass., has recently published an enlarged engraving of the Rowse crayon of Thoreau for $2.50.

A W. Miller cartoon in the May 15, 1971 NEW YORKER shows a woodland snack stand featuring "Thoreau-burgers." A Cliff Roberts cartoon in the March 1971 CHANGING TIMES shows a straphanger in a subway leaning the opposite way from everyone else and being chided, "Different drummer!"

Philip Van Doren Stern's ANNOTATED WALDEN recently won a Carey-Thomas award for creative publishing.

Cadlyn's, 2077 NY Ave., Huntington Sta., New York 11746, sell a rather striking little illuminated plaque of the "different drummer" quotation for $1.98 plus 35¢ postage.

The new magazine SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR features a quotation from Thoreau--"I lose my respect for the man who can make the mystery of sex the subject of a coarse jest, yet when you speak earnestly and seriously on the subject, is silent"--on its back cover of each issue and in much of its advertising.

Kenneth Gidge of Peabody, Mass., who is trying to break the world's flagpole sitting record, has his flagpole house labled "Henry Thoreau House Walden Pole."

The William J. Walso & McCormick Investments, Inc. of Schaumburg, Ill., have named their latest real estate development "Walden" and have issued an ostentatious booklet in its honor.

Eric Porter, the English actor, said of WALDEN in a recent radio broadcast, "It sums up everything I think about life."

Hallmark Cards has recently issued a series of cards and a poster all quoting from Thoreau. Visual Creations (Tarzsna, Calif.) has also issued a Thoreau quotation card. Cody Books of Berkeley, Calif. has issued a 1971 poster calendar entitled "Simply Seeing" filled with quotations from Thoreau.

A service entitled "A Different Drummer," based largely on quotations from Thoreau edited by Rev. Dorothy Spoerl of Woodstock, Vt., has been used by a number of Unitarian churches recently.

Two dissertations "in progress" at Brown University: Brian Harding on "Transcendental Symbolism in the Works of Emerson, Thoreau, Melville and Whitman" and Rev. J. Kevin Packard on "Robert Frost's Debt to Emerson, Thoreau, and William James."

The Lumpits

Richard Brautigan's highly unconventional novel TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA (New York: Dell) has a chapter entitled "A Walden Pond for Winos."

According to the ANNOTATED WALDEN (p. 29), the Huntington Library values the WALDEN mss. at "more than $100,000."

"Thoreau used so many capital I's [in WALDEN] that the printer sometimes ran out of them. Pages 259 to 261 of the page proofs [of the first edition] are peppered with the black marks of type turned upside down to draw attention to the missing I's. . . . There are 1,811 I's in the text."--THE ANNOTATED WALDEN.

"Simplicity of life means to keep your accounts on your thumbnail."--H.D.T.